

There's come a single doctrine, Sun,  
Into our church today;  
These our words are what the new  
Young preacher, bold to say:  
That heaven's kingdom is  
Was mostly in our eye,  
That sinners dead, if they desire,  
Can have another try;  
He doubts if a sinner dies  
Than this world could be given;  
The little snipe—I fear some time  
He'll have his doubts removed.

I've watched my duty straight and true,  
As I tried to do well;  
Part of the time kept heaven in view,  
As I put sacred things in hell;  
As I saw half of this world is naught,  
If I must list to him,  
As this one devil I have fought  
Was only just a skin;  
Vain are the dangers I have braved,  
The sacrifice they cost;  
For what fun is it to be saved  
If no one else is lost?

Just think! Suppose when once I view  
The heaven I've tried to win,  
A lot of sinners stand, long  
Comes walking in;  
As I see to home, same as if they  
Had read their little clear,  
As I look at me, as if to say,  
"We're glad to see you here!"  
As if to say, "While you've been  
So fast to lose the mark,  
We wait till it's raised, and then  
You'll think for the mark."

Yet there would be some in that crowd  
I'd rather like to see,  
My boy Jack—must be "loved,"  
There was no worse than he!  
I've always felt somewhat to blame,  
In several different ways,  
That he'd been on the wrong side  
To end his boyhood's days;  
As I'd be willing to endure,  
If that the Lord thought best,  
A minute's quiet hot temperature,  
To chop him by the head.

Old Captain Barnes was evil's son—  
With heterodoxy crumpled  
I used to think he'd be the one  
If any were damned;  
Still, when I saw a lot of poor,  
That he had clothed and fed,  
Cry desolately around his door,  
As he was dead;  
There came a thought I couldn't control,  
That in some neutral land,  
I'd like to meet that scoundrel-upstart,  
As I shake it by the hand.

Poor Jennie Willis, with a cry  
Of hapless, sad distress,  
Sank motion down one night to die,  
All in her ball-room dress;  
She had a precious little while  
To pack up an' away;  
She even left her sweet good night—  
"Toss on her face and say;  
Her soul went off untroubled by even  
One stitch of saving grace;  
How could she have got to heaven,  
As I start from such a place?"

But once, when I lay sick an' weak,  
She came an' begged to stay;  
She kissed my forehead, wrinkled cheek—  
She soothed my pain away;  
She brought me sweet bouquets of flowers  
As fresh as her young heart;  
Through many long and tedious hours  
She played a Christian part;  
An' ere I long will stand around  
The single "sinks among"  
I'll try to take some water down,  
To cool poor Jennie's tongue.

But once poor Jennie's tongue,  
Not once poor Jennie's tongue,  
Not once poor Jennie's tongue,  
Not once poor Jennie's tongue,  
Not once poor Jennie's tongue,  
Not once poor Jennie's tongue,  
Not once poor Jennie's tongue,  
Not once poor Jennie's tongue,  
Not once poor Jennie's tongue,  
Not once poor Jennie's tongue,

## A Conscientious Man.

The other day over at the Alameda  
baths, a timid and retiring looking  
man waited until the superintendent  
was disengaged, and then said to him:  
"I do hate to give you any trouble,  
but have you a long stick or pole of  
any kind you could lend me?"

"No, sir, I told you so ten minutes  
ago," snapped the over driven official.

"So you did," replied the man, "but  
I thought I would just ask once more.  
I guess I have done my duty in the  
matter. Don't you think so?"

"What matter? What on earth  
are you thinking about?"

"Why, you see, my mother-in-law  
died off down there at the deep end  
about half an hour ago, and as she  
hasn't come up yet, I thought I'd like  
to tell my wife that I had sorted jabbed  
around in the bottom for her  
a while any way, but if I can't, that's  
all." And pensively writing her ad-  
dress on a tag to be tied to the old  
lady when she came up, the conscientious  
man walked thoughtfully away.

—[San Francisco Post.

A Connecticut clergyman, on being  
asked to officiate at the funeral of a  
poor man's wife, inquired of the wid-  
ower what carriages had been hired;  
and when told, requested that a par-  
ticular team and vehicle be obtained  
in addition, because they were the  
ones that he and his wife habitually  
used, and he might wish to take a  
pleasure ride after the services. This  
disgusted the widower, and he secured  
the services of another minister. On  
the following day, the first clergyman  
sent for him, and inflicted a severe  
reprimand for disrespectful treatment  
of his late wife's parson. "I want you  
to understand," said he, "that when I  
marry or bury any one I am paid for  
my services. As for that other fel-  
low, he's always ready to do any dirty  
work." His name is not given, but  
the New Haven Palladium says:—  
"All this happened in the year of our  
Lord, 1880, in an old and populous  
town. To the credit of our State be  
it said that this clergyman was born  
and reared elsewhere.

## THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

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## CHURCH AND STAGE.

In England there has been formed  
what is called a "Church and Stage  
Guild," composed of many eminent  
clergymen and prominent actors and  
actresses. The object of this Guild,  
we understand, was to endeavor to  
break down the barrier that has al-  
ways existed between the Church and  
the Stage, and by mutual discussion  
try to clear away erroneous impres-  
sions in the minds of many well-mean-  
ing but misinformed Christian people  
with regard to the theatre, and to  
bring the two great factors of civiliza-  
tion into a closer bond of sympathy.  
The meetings of this Guild have at-  
tracted considerable attention in Eng-  
land and in America already, for at  
these meetings some startling speech-  
es have been made by notable clergy-  
men, which, although often Quixotic  
in their character, clearly indicate the  
growth of liberal views in regard to  
theatre among those who have gener-  
ally bitterly opposed it. The London  
Times has devoted considerable space  
to the report of a recent meeting of  
this Guild, at which the Bishop of  
Carlisle presided. In the course of  
the debate the Rev. H. C. Shuttle-  
worth delivered a speech upon popu-  
lar amusements characterized by a  
candor and a justice seldom found  
among the enemies of the stage. A  
few extracts may be made from that  
speech as indicative of the spirit of the  
meeting. "Of all the influences  
which act upon society," said Mr.  
Shuttleworth, "the drama has ever  
been one of the most powerful. The  
dramatic instinct is natural to man-  
kind, and the stage will never cease  
to be an instrument of tremendous power  
for good or evil. Church and Stage  
should go hand in hand. That they  
are rather rivals than fellow-workers  
is to my mind one of the saddest facts  
of modern life. And I cannot pre-  
tend to conceal my strong feeling that  
in a great measure this is the Church's  
fault. We have scolded, we have de-  
nounced, we have condemned the the-  
atre from pulpit and platform. The  
clergy have refused to attend theatres  
themselves, and have done their ut-  
most to prevent Christian people from  
doing so. We have despised the actor  
and the actress, and refused to recog-  
nize their profession as an honorable  
calling. We have adopted toward  
the stage the most fatal policy—the  
policy of isolation. Is it surprising,  
then, that the modern stage is not all  
it might be?" After dwelling upon  
the beneficent influences exercised up-  
on society by the standard drama, the  
speaker went on to say that, "to the  
town workman especially, the theatre  
or the music hall affords a temporary  
escape from the terribly crushing  
dullness of his life, from his hideous  
and most brutalizing surroundings.  
I claim for the lighter drama, even  
for genuine burlesque and for stage  
dancing, if modest, free from silly vul-  
garity and true to art, their place  
among helpful and wholesome amuse-  
ments; and for those who act upon the  
lighter stage—for the comedian, the  
singer, the dancer—I claim the re-  
spect due to members of a useful and  
honorable profession—that of public  
amuseurs. I desire to enter my pro-  
test, with all the indignant emphasis  
of which words are capable, against  
the too common opinion that such per-  
sons are almost necessarily of ques-  
tionable moral character. There are  
plenty of black sheep, no doubt, in  
the theatrical as in other professions;  
but there are numbers among them who  
would do honor to the best of us in  
their acquaintance." While, how-  
ever, granting all this, he believed that  
there was very much about the modern  
stage which called loudly for im-  
provement. To aid in the improve-  
ment, which he considered the theatre  
needs, he submitted that the Church  
"must remember that the stage is the  
mirror of life, and that the corruptions  
of the theatre are the index of the vi-  
ces of a corrupt society. What the  
tastes of audiences demands the man-  
agers will provide. And if it is de-  
based, it points to the imperfect ful-  
fillment by the Church of her work of  
regenerating society. We can do some-  
thing, then, to create the demand for  
pure and healthy stage amusements,  
and to arouse a just indignation against  
all that degrades them. When good  
and evil are mixed together, the wisest  
way to battle with the evil is to recog-  
nize and uphold the good. But we  
shall not do much to this end by stand-  
ing at a distance. We should surely  
counsel earnest Christian people to  
give the support of their presence to  
theatres which are conducted on high  
principles; and, further, I confess that  
I can not see why the clergyman is to  
have another standard than the lay-  
man—why he should cut ourselves off  
from the tremendous lessons of the  
tragic stage; or, when we need it,  
the amusement of the lighter drama. On-  
ly in this way can we use our power  
as members of society, and bring it to

bear upon the character of the play  
represented. If we hear or see what  
is doubtful, we can rise and leave the  
theatre and write to this manager. I  
could tell you of cases in which this  
has been done with the result of get-  
ting the objectionable phrase or joke  
cut out of the piece."—[Chicago Trib-  
une.

## The Week of Prayer, 1881.

The Evangelical Alliance, as rep-  
resenting Protestant Christendom thro-  
out the world, have for years suggest-  
ed a programme for the Week of  
Prayer, so that as far as possible, all  
praying people might unite on the  
same day in the same petitions. The  
Branch Alliance of the United States  
adopt, with slight modifications, its  
programme, and suggest the following  
themes and order for the approaching  
Week of Prayer, January 2-9, viz:—  
January 2.—Theme: Christ the only  
hope of a lost world.

Monday, 3.—Thanksgiving for the  
blessings, temporal and spiritual, of  
the past year, and prayer for their  
continuance.

Tuesday, 4.—Humiliation and con-  
fession on account of individual, so-  
cial and national sins.

Wednesday, 5.—Prayer for the  
Church of Christ, its unity and puri-  
ty, its ministry, and for revivals of  
religion.

Thursday, 6.—Christian education,  
Prayer for the Family, Sunday-  
Schools, and all educational institu-  
tions, for Young Men's Christian As-  
sociations, and for the Press.

Friday, 7.—Prayer for the pre-  
valence of justice, humanity, and peace  
among all nations; for the suppression  
of Intemperance and Sabbath desecra-  
tion.

Saturday, 8.—Prayer for Christian  
Missions and the conversion of the  
world to Christ.

Sunday, 9.—Theme: On the Mi-  
nistation of the Holy Spirit.

It was necessary on a certain oc-  
casion in court to compel a witness to  
testify as to the way a Mr. Pulliam  
treated his horse. "Well, sir," said  
the lawyer, with a sweet and winning  
smile—a smile intended to drown all  
suspicion as to ulterior purposes—"how  
does Mr. Pulliam generally  
ride a horse?" The witness looked  
up innocently and replied: "General-  
ly a-straddle, sir, I believe." The  
lawyer again asked: "But, sir, what  
kind does he generally ride?" The  
imperturbable witness answered: "He  
never rides any gate at all, sir, but  
I've seen his boys ride every gate on  
the farm." The lawyer said that he  
was on the track of a Tarter, and his  
next question was very insinuating:  
"How does Mr. Pulliam ride when he  
is in company with others? I demand  
a clear answer." "Well, sir," said  
the witness, "he keeps up with the  
rest, if his horse is able to, or if not  
he falls behind." The lawyer, now  
almost beside himself, asked: "How  
does he ride when he is alone?" "I  
don't know was the reply, "I was never  
with him when he was alone," and  
there the case dropped.

Not long ago, an officer of the Lon-  
don School Board was crossing Cross-  
ing Garden at a late hour, when he  
found a little fellow making a bed for  
the night in a fruit basket. "Would  
you not like to go to school and be  
well cared for?" asked the official.  
"No," replied the urchin. "But do  
you know that I am one of the people  
who are authorized to take up little  
boys whom I find as you?" "I know  
you are, old chap, if you find them in  
the street, but this here is not a street.  
It is private property, and if you in-  
terfere with my liberty, the Duke of  
Bedford will be down upon you. I  
know the fact as well as you." He  
was left alone in his glory.

POTATO SALAD.—Take your pota-  
toes, not too large ones, and boil;  
potatoes that are mealy are not good;  
when cold, cut in slices and pour the  
oil on them, and let them stand  
awhile; slice a third of an onion as  
fine as possible, and mix with the po-  
tatoes; add vinegar to taste, salt and  
pepper; the addition of a Dutch her-  
ring makes a herring salad.

If a person of fair complexion ex-  
poses himself to the electric light for  
some time in examining the action of  
lamps, the hands and cheeks will  
show all the symptoms of "sunburn,"  
even in midwinter, and he will devel-  
op freckles on his countenance as  
quickly as when he goes about un-  
protected by a sun-umbrella in mid-  
summer.

James E. Brown, of Kittanning, Pa.,  
bequeaths \$25 to every widow in the  
town, and \$5 to every wife who will  
become a widow, and the same amount  
to all the girls who shall become  
wives.

Not less than six monuments have  
been erected in Italy this year to the  
memory of the late King Victor  
Emanuel.

## Catechism of the Silver Dollar.

According to one of the St. Louis  
papers the class in arithmetic in the  
public schools of that city has not yet  
taken up the dollar problem, but  
when it does the examination will  
run in about this wise:

Teacher—Now, boys, what is this  
I have in my hand?

All the Boys—It's a dollar.

Teacher—Yes, it's a legal tender  
dollar. It is called the dollar of the  
fathers, but what is silver does it  
contain?

Small Boy—412 grains.

Teacher—That's right. Now, what  
do you call this? It is also a silver  
dollar, but what is it called?

Small Boy (after examination)—  
It's a trade dollar.

Teacher—That's right. Now, how  
much silver does it contain?

Small Boy—120 grains.

Teacher—How much is it worth?

No answer from the boys.

Teacher—Well, is it worth ninety  
cents?

All the Boys—It is worth ninety  
cents.

Teacher—Now, boys, tell me why  
it is that the dollar containing 412  
grains of silver is worth 100 cents,  
while the dollar containing 420 grains  
is worth only ninety cents?

Head of the Class—Damfino.

It is a question which must go to  
Congress for settlement. The big  
boy there ought to be able to answer  
this question, or ought to retire from  
Congress.

The other night, as the Buffalo ex-  
press was whirling along the Erie,  
a queer looking old man, who might  
have escaped from the curiosity de-  
partment of the Historical Society,  
got up from his seat in the sleeping  
car and shouted: "Is there a doctor  
in the car?" Commotion and excite-  
ment immediately ensued, and, as  
there was no medical man in that par-  
ticular car, several passengers hur-  
ried through the train and finally  
found one. "What's the matter?" he  
said to the little old man. "Noth-  
ing," said he, "but in case I'm sick  
and yell out like thunder in my sleep,  
my bunk's numbered 20; now don't  
forget it."—[Exchange.]

CAUTIONS PROCEEDING TOWARD  
MATRIMONY.—"Can you tell me  
where to buy a white shirt?" said a  
gawky fellow to a man at Lexington,  
Ga. The information was given, and  
the inquirer, who was accompanied by  
a blushing girl, said to the merchant  
while buying the shirt: "Can you  
tell me where to get a marriage li-  
cense?" Of the license clerk he asked:  
"Who's the best minister to tie  
the knot?" Thus the couple cau-  
tiously proceeded toward matrimony.

Saved a Doctor's Bill.—Geo. M.  
Walter, Messenger of the Adams Ex-  
press Co. Balt. Md., says: "Having  
used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for the  
past ten years in my family, I  
wish to say that I consider it the best  
Cough Syrup I ever used. It has  
cured my children of Croup several  
times and saved me many a doctor's  
bill."

A singular international contest has  
been held in the Summer Circus on  
the Champs Elysees, Paris. Seventy  
professional hairdressers, each with a  
favorite subject to manipulate, met in  
a competition for gold and silver med-  
als. A Parisian gained the first prize  
and a Bulgarian the second for the best  
historical coiffure.

"Can you tell me the number of  
days in the month of intellect?" asked  
one friend of another. "Perhaps I  
could," was the reply, "if you would  
first tell me the length of the rule of  
three." "Well," rejoined the first,  
"I should like to know the exact  
width of your broad hint."

Sperm oil properly means "seed  
oil," (Latin sperm, seed) from the no-  
tion that it was spermaceti (the sperm  
or melt of a whale). The sperm whale  
is the whale that gives the "seed oil,"  
which is taken chiefly, but not wholly  
from the head.

Sealing wax is not wax at all, nor  
does it contain a single particle of  
wax. It is made of shellac, Venice  
turpentine and cinnamon. Cinnamon  
gives it a deep red color, and the tur-  
pentine renders the shellac soft and  
less brittle.

"My darling," he intensely whis-  
pers, vainly attempting to seize her  
hand, "do you know that I love you  
madly?" "Oh, yes," she says, "al-  
most any fool could tell that."—[An-  
drews' Bazar.

Mrs. Langtry is about to be—that  
is, she is about to have—or, rather, she  
is about to become—well, perhaps it  
would be best to say nothing about it  
until we learn the sex.

Salt is not salt at all, and has long  
been excluded from the class of bodies  
denominated salts.

## An Interesting Puzzle.

Perhaps some of our readers are  
not familiar with the following puzzle:  
A young man asked an old man for  
his daughter in marriage. The an-  
swer was: "Go into the orchard and  
bring in a parcel of apples. Give me  
one-half of the whole number, and the  
mother one-half of the balance and  
half an apple over, and the daugh-  
ter one-half of the remainder and  
half an apple over, and have one  
left for yourself, without cutting the  
apple, and then, if she is willing, the  
apple can have her." He solved the  
question; and how many did he bring?  
Fourteen, as you can easily prove.  
The old woman was to have one-half  
of the balance, which would be three  
and a half, and half an apple over,  
which would make four apples for  
her. There would be three apples  
left, of which the daughter was to  
have one-half and half an apple over,  
which would give her two, and leave  
over his own, "without cutting the  
apple."

NOT EVERY STEP-MOTHER IS UN-  
KIND.—A man in New Jersey who  
had been twice married directed by  
his will that his children by his first  
wife should be sent, after his death,  
to their uncle in Canada. There were  
two children, both over fourteen years  
of age, so they had a right to choose  
their own guardian. On being  
brought before the court they both  
chose their step-mother, preferring  
her to their uncle. This is a pleasant  
incident, for it shows that there are  
some step-mothers kind enough to win  
the affections of the half-orphaned  
children committed to their charge.—  
[N. Y. Ledger.

The train had just emerged from a  
tunnel, and a vinegar faced maiden of  
35 summers remarked to her gentle-  
man companion, "Tunnels are such  
bores!"—which nobody can deny.  
But a young lady of about 18 who  
sat in the seat immediately in front  
of the ancient party, adjusted her  
hat, brushed her frizzes back, and  
said to the perfumed young man be-  
side her. "I think tunnels are aw-  
fully nice."—[Adams (Mass.) Tran-  
script.

A Magoffin county correspondent of  
the Independent says: "John Adams,  
Sr., a resident of this county, aged  
72 years, walked from his home to  
this place the other day, a distance of  
eight miles, carrying a sack contain-  
ing a bushel of corn. Mr. Adams  
has been the husband of ten wives  
and the father of forty children."

A young and happy bridal pair in  
Georgia set out upon their wedding  
tour, and reaching Savannah, put up  
at a hotel, and in the night burglars  
entered their room and stole the  
bridgroom's watch and four hundred  
dollars in cash. Then they were an  
unhappy bridal pair, and went back  
home disconsolate.

A blind boy at Montreal has built  
a miniature house inside an ordinary  
four-ounce bottle, out of forty pieces  
of wood neatly glued together. It  
would puzzle a person with good eye-  
sight to get the parts into the bottle,  
to say nothing of putting them to-  
gether.

"Is it true, Harry, that you've  
broken off with Harkaway's daugh-  
ter?" "Alas! yes; I was forced to,  
although she was a charming woman."  
"Why?" "Incompatibility of com-  
plexion. She does not suit my fur-  
niture."

When we are young we waste a  
great deal of time in imagining what  
we will do when grow older, and when  
we are old we waste an equal amount  
of time in wondering why we waited  
so long before we began to do any-  
thing.

Do not allow the cold winds of  
Winter to blow through holes and  
crevices upon the farm stock. It is  
cheaper to stop the openings than to  
waste fodder in keeping the animals  
warm while thus exposed.

Work is commenced on the White  
Sulphur Grand Hotel, which is to be  
one of the largest in the United  
States, making the accommodations  
ample for 2,000 guests.

Denver (Col.) capitalists have sub-  
scribed \$1,000,000 to build a narrow  
gauge railroad, starting from the cen-  
tre of the city and completely encir-  
cling its suburbs.

"A word to the wise is sufficient"  
when you tell them there's small pox  
in the neighborhood.

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## T. W. &amp; W. E. VARNON,

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## STANFORD, KY.

## Office in Court Square.

## SAM. M. BURDETT,

## ATTORNEY AT LAW,

## MT. VERNON, KY.

## Will practice his profession in Rockcastle and

## adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

## Special attention given to collections.&lt;/



A Happy New Year!

At 12 to-night the year 1880 will cease to exist, and 1881 with its untold scenes and temptations will usher in. Of the departing year we have but little to complain. The Almighty has prospered those who have tried to help themselves and has withheld contagious diseases from our land. The farmer has been abundantly rewarded in rich returns for his labor, while the manufacturer and mechanic have prospered beyond their experience of several years. With the abundance thus produced, it behooves all that are in debt to lift the burden from their shoulders. The payment of interest is the most destroying of all the drawbacks on a poor man, and finally ends in his financial ruin. Make it a point to pay every thing you owe now, if possible, and don't forget that the printer needs his poor little dollars mightily badly. Owe no man any thing" says the Scripture, and a better command is not found in the sacred pages of the Bible. We were raised up to judge a man by the way he treats his creditors, and to day we think more of one who pays his debts, whether he be a Christian or not, than of the thousands of so-called Christians who put on the livery of heaven to swindle men out of their just dues. A professor of religion who fails to settle with all his creditors, if he can, (and in nearly every case he can, if he will make an honest effort,) has no more chances of heaven than the chicken-rooster robber, and we would trust the latter twice as far as the former. An honest and moral man, if he be not a Christian in the usual acceptance of the term, can not enter the kingdom of heaven, say the preachers, but we will guarantee to any of them that there will be ten honest, debt-paying men in the kingdom of God, to one who lived a lie in this world by his false professions. We did not intend when we commenced this article to branch out so far, but it is a very good time to talk about so important a subject and we hope that all our readers who are in debt will resolve (and keep it) that another year shall see them free of the terrible load and not by the swindling process either. The Bible enjoins us to "Judge not at all," but if we should ever publish a Bible we would put in parenthesis, "but if you do judge a man by the way he pays his debts." And now hoping that all who take this advice may have a bright and prosperous new year, we will add that we are always prepared to present any man who gives us a \$2 note, a crown with a handsome autograph on it. All can speak at once as our clerical force is unlimited.

AND NOW it is said that a Court Marshal has been ordered to re-try the case of Whitaker, the negro, who had his ears clipped, because the Republicans pretend to believe that Gen. Schofield was so prejudiced against him that he did not allow a fair trial. It was clearly proven before that the negro cut his own ears, and that ought to settle it. Gen. Howard will make an ass of himself, if he does not go slow, like he did in the Freedman's Bank business, whereby that unfortunate people were swindled out of thousands of their hard earnings.

The cold snap is one of the most extensive ever known. The thermometer has been below zero at every northern and western point and distressingly near it in the States South of here. In Minnesota, at various points it was 50° below and at Duluth, Iowa, the water in the boiler pipes of the newspaper offices froze so hard as to prevent the publication of one or more issues of its newspapers. Suffering everywhere is intense and many persons have been frozen to death or maimed for life.

WE ARE glad to be assured by the Bardston Record that Mr. John P. Murray, has determined not to make the race for State Senator. He is worth more to the country as an editor than in any other business, in which he could engage, besides it is a profession that is more honorable and more remunerative than that of a member of the legislature.

AFTER to-day the Kentucky Central R. R. will reduce its passenger fare to 3 cents per mile. It would be money in the L. & N.'s pocket if it would do likewise, besides a big boom for Louisville. Nearly every body goes from this section to Cincinnati, because he can go there for 3 cents per mile, while to Louisville the charge in every case is 4 cents at least.

THE interesting news has been flashed over the country that President R. B. Hayes was a handsome button hole bouquet Christmas day. So did the Ushers at the Stanford Opera House—but they had not been made notorious by the theft of the Presidency or any other thefts. They were only plain honest men.

TWENTY murders were committed in Ohio during 1880, yet the truly good Richard Smith, of the Gazette, occasionally undertakes to lecture Kentucky on her law breaking. His good work, like his charity, should start at home.

TO PROCEED to amend the Constitution of this State by the short cut method advocated by the Courier-Journal, Senator Berry and others, disregarding and setting at naught the provisions of Art. XII of that instrument in which is plainly prescribed the manner in which it may be amended, would be revolution, downright and simple. The clause in the Bill of Rights by which they justify this high-handed movement is nothing more nor less than a declaration of the right of revolution, and was inserted for that purpose and none other whatever. To pretend that that declaration was intended by the framers of the Constitution as a reservation of the right on the part of a minority of the voters of the State, whenever they desire to alter it, in fact, is to suppose that they had no sense. It is as absurd to claim the power to amend the Constitution under that declaration alone as it would have been for the authors of it to have added to Section 1. of that Article the words: "Or the people may alter, reform or abolish this Constitution at any time or in any manner they please, for they have an inalienable and indefeasible right to do so." Such is in effect the power now claimed by the revolutionists. In other words: their construction of the instrument makes the framers of it stultify themselves by explicitly and particularly presenting the mode of its amendment in one section and in another authorizing a contemptuous disregard and nullification of that section. What statesmen these revolutionists are!

THE authorities of Brooklyn have passed an ordinance requiring all Chinese laundries to pay a license of \$5, and also requiring them to be naturalized citizens of the United States. Such proscription should not be allowed in the free country of which we boast. There is no justice in making a Chinaman pay more for his rights here than the people of our own or any other nation. If this be a free country, let it be so to the Chinese as well as the German, but limit the immigration of the former if possible.

A NUMBER of capitalists have bought stock in the Kentucky Central R. R. to the amount of \$4,500,000, thereby getting control of it. They say that they will spend \$6,000,000 on one it. They first intend to extend it to Winchester, 26 miles, making connection with the Chesapeake & Ohio, and bring the business of that road "all rail" into Cincinnati. They eventually intend to extend it to Knoxville, Tenn., but not at once. Thus, one by one do the fortunes of the L. & N. diminish.

ALICE FRANKS, of Pittsburgh, N. C., a fallen angel, boasted that she could drink twenty glasses of whisky at a certain barroom, and she undertook the task. She got as far as sixteen but the staff was so infernally bad that she laid down and was dead in ten minutes. Served her right; why didn't she come to Kentucky and drink twelve-year-old Bourbon?

AN EDITOR in Troy, N. Y., said that the Mayor of the city was present at a dog-fight and owned one of the contending canines; whereupon he was arrested and put in jail, although he told the truth. The press of the North seems to be somewhat backed when it will stand such intimidation.

WE REGRET to notice that Mess. E. H. Gaither and Magoffin Hardin have sold the Harrodsburg Observer. They got out an entertaining paper and we regret to lose them from the field. Mr. L. D. Cardwell is the new editor and we wish him a bright and prosperous newspaper career.

THE amount of four-per-cent. United States bonds held by foreigners is \$7,042,350. The National banks own \$132,331,100, and individual citizens \$393,062,050. Wonder if three-per-cent. bonds will go off as much like hot cakes as the above.

WHAT has become of that interestingly, the Congressional Record? It must have suspended, as we haven't had a copy since the assembling of the last Congress. Heretofore they have come during the term with a distressing regularity.

A New Year's card of the most elegant design has been received from the staunch paper firm of Louis Sanders Sons, Cincinnati. We thank them for it and wish them as prosperous a new year as the old one has been to them.

KENTUCKY is credited by the full census returns, with a population of 1,647,599, an increase of 327,588 in ten years. The C. J. says that nothing has been done so induce emigrants and the increase is due alone to home productions.

LEDCU, the Commissioner of Agriculture, has gone to Florida to plant tea. Of course this experiment is at the expense of the Government. Ledcu, as big a fool as he is, would never appropriate his own funds in that way.

Excellent, and Beautifully Printed. THE INTERIOR JOURNAL, published at Stanford, Ky., by W. P. Walton, is a daily double number last week, containing sixty-four columns of excellent matter, beautifully printed. (Courier-Journal.)

Prized Among Its Best Exchanges. THE INTERIOR JOURNAL has evolved greatly. Last week it came out in flying colors as one of our largest papers published in the State. We prize it as one of our best exchanges. (Sourcet Report.)

BOYLE COUNTY.  
Danville.  
—MARRIAGE LICENSES.—On the 23d, J. T. Lamb to Miss Belle Young. On the 27th, Ignatius Wise to Miss Sallie Pendergraft. On the 28th, Adolphus Underwood to Miss Socia V. Mitchell.  
—Died, in Danville, on Wednesday last, Mrs. Mary F. Moore, relict of the late Sam Moore, in the 65th year of her age. Her death was rather sudden, and Apoplexy was supposed to have been the cause.  
—Sallie Trotter, a colored woman, living in the lower part of Boyle county, has received from the Government \$2,300 pension money for her husband who visited the "pale nations of the dead" during the war.

—A little younger about 3 years old and naturally having a mind filled with Mother Goose, having intently watched a few couples dancing the ragot, appropriately quoted "Jack be nimble, Jack be quick," &c.  
—Many of the ladies will keep open house on Saturday. This will doubtless soon become a custom. There will be an M. M. social gathering at the Clemens House, on Thursday evening. Miss Peaty will give an entertainment to her friend, Miss Ogden, who is visiting her at this time.

—Mrs. Governor Cantrill is in the city visiting her father's family. Dick Lawlap has returned from Arkansas. Lawrence Jones, a son of Thomas L. Jones, of Newport, is spending his Christmas with the family of Col. D. W. Jones, of this city. J. B. Fisher, of St. Louis, is spending the holidays in Danville. Miss Flora Hays has gone to Washington, Penn., to attend school.

—The congregation of the Christian Church of Danville has extended a call to Elders J. B. McGinn and J. L. Allen to fill their pulpits for the coming year. Dr. L. B. Woolfork preached at the Baptist Church on Sunday morning and evening, and is announced for a discourse on Sunday next.

—The Concert of Prayer pointedly leaves out the society in our midst known as Christians. This society is sometimes called Campbellites, and even by the editor of THE INTERIOR JOURNAL changed in the manuscript from Christian to Reform. Pray for the heathen in your midst on Saturday the 8th.

—The "Big 4" was not the "Big 4," as anybody could see who was at James Hall on Tuesday night to witness a Minstrel performance by that celebrated troupe. In fact the whole thing was merely ordinary—nothing to compare with Duprez & Benedict. Johnny Morton was good in all he undertook, and was perhaps the only "Big 4" man in the troupe. The best man in the party was the little fat fellow, (either Keating or Sands, who played on anything and got music out of it—anything from a coffee pot to a piano made of wooden wood.

—The rest, if not flat, was at least flat. This much may be said, however, to their credit, that nothing was said or done that smacked of a doubtful or double meaning—something rare in Minstrel troupes that visit our town. The house was literally packed.

CASEY COUNTY.

Middleburg.  
—I had the pleasure of attending the entertainment given at Middleburg Seminary on the evening of the 23d. The house was filled with interested spectators, who, for several hours, were well entertained. The expressed opinions of all present was that it was the best entertainment of the kind they had ever attended. Prof. Waters and his valuable assistant, Miss Hannah Fair, certainly deserve praise for their success in training. The pieces were all well rendered, notwithstanding most of the actors had never appeared on the stage before. Some of the pupils exhibited real dramatic talent, among whom Misses Mollie Royalty, Bettie Coffey, Sallie Waters and Kiah Gifford and Mac Fair may be specially mentioned. Also, Dr. J. T. Williams, who personated the old man in the tableau, "Better to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave." The doctor evidently took his calling. Had he prepared himself for the stage he would certainly have made a first-class actor. After the literary exercises, the audience adjourned to the lower room of the Seminary, where the ladies of Middleburg and vicinity had prepared an excellent supper. After the refreshments, the young ladies and gentlemen enjoyed a delightful promenade. A prominent feature among the enjoyments of the evening was the music dispensed by the band. The funds realized amounted to about \$50, which is to be expended toward the completion of the house.

ROCKCASTLE.

Mr. Vernon.

—A Happy New Year to everybody! —To-morrow is a good day to "sweat off."

—There has been a fall of snow here every day for a week.

—Sam M. Bartlett has moved his office to the Court-House.

—Next Monday is Quarterly Court. There is a good docket.

—Don't forget Father Donnelly's lecture at the Court-House next Saturday evening.

—The mercury is sinking rapidly. It looks as though it would never come up again.

—The cold weather has caused considerable sickness. Coughs, colds and kindred complaints greatly abound.

—According to the evidence of the oldest inhabitant, this is the dullest Christmas in Mr. Vernon for nearly a century.

—Jack Adams, Jr., is visiting friends in Stanford. Miss Callie Adams is at Point Lick. Mrs. George Roberts, of Richmond, is visiting her mother, Mrs. R. L. Myers. Judge G. W. McClure went to Frankfort Tuesday. R. P. Simpson, of Manchester, is the guest of C. A. Reid, Jr.

—Last Saturday, while R. L. Brooks, a young man of this place, was carrying an unusual quantity of Christmas whisky, he drew his "bowie" and stabbed a quiet and harmless negro named Harry Owens. The negro was drunk too, but the cutting appears to have been wholly without justification. Brooks was tried and held in a bond of \$250 to the Circuit Court. He gave the bond. The wounds of the negro are not serious.

—Married at the residence of the bride's father, by Judge G. W. McClure, on the evening of the 23d inst., Mr. Willis Adams, 3d, was married to Miss Matilda, the youngest daughter of H. H. Baker, Esq. A most elegant supper was prepared for the occasion, which was greatly enjoyed by the couple, their relatives and a few other invited guests. For this youthful pair, thus happily mated, your correspondent wishes a long life of joy.

—W. H. Albright and Thomas Hayes left Tuesday with a Innatic, Hershish Lear, for the Lexington Asylum.

—The following were elected officers of Ashland Lodge No. 370, F. & A. M., for the ensuing year: G. W. McClure, W. M.; Dr. W. P. McKee, S. W.; Dr. J. J. Brown, J. W.; W. M. Weber, Treas.; D. N. Williams, Secy.; C. W. Adams, S. & T.

—On Tuesday a difficulty which may yet result in homicide occurred near Newcomb's Mill between John Owens and Wm. McNew. Owens used a knife and McNew handled an ax. McNew was not scratched, while a blow which Owens received from the ax on the back of his head, on a line with his ears, lifted his skull about two inches. McNew came into town that evening and surrendered himself, and gives this version of the affair. He says he started with his wagon to Newcomb's Mill, and had stopped to mend some part of his wagon when John Owens and his brother Joe came up. John immediately began to accuse McNew of telling some woman a lie on him. McNew denied this, but Owens repeated the charge and threw a rock at McNew. The latter insisted in his denial, and Owens started into him with a knife.

He had got within about four feet of him and was preparing to "rip him open" when McNew seized an ax the chance to be lessening against the wagon and dealt him an over-handing lick which sent him to bed in the beautiful snow. Dr. J. J. Brown went out and dressed Owens' wounds and reports that he may possibly recover. McNew's character has heretofore been that of a quiet citizen, while Owens has enjoyed the reputation of a fighter.

—No bloodshed to report this Christmas. —The town Trustees have at last determined to build a jail.

—The next Grand Jury will have something to say of several of the chaps of last Saturday on the concealed weapon proposition.

—Several Disciples of the Bachus with a glorious amount of the "critter sherd" were on the streets Saturday. Several arrests were made, but for want of a suitable place in which to confine them, they were released.

—The Christmas Tree at the Baptist church on the evening of the 24th, was a grand success. The number of gifts is estimated at one thousand ranging in value from an elegant watch to Miss Susie Woodyard, to a one cent eastern pipe to R. T. Hemphill.

—Some ignoramus brayed out on the streets a day or two since that the authorities could not enforce the law because the streets were out of repair. Should there be another such weak a brother as this he is informed that that is a subject to be discussed between the Trustees and the next Grand Jury and will not act as a set off to his account.

—The idea seems to have become prevalent with a great many that there is no legality about the incorporation at this place. For the benefit of such we would say that it will be better for them to test the matter in some other way than by violating the laws. The town officials have all given bond and been sworn into office and it is the avowed determination of not only the officials, but of our citizens to protect themselves and their families from insult by prosecuting all future offenders to the bitter end.

—Although we have a law forbidding it there is an immense quantity of brandy sold in this county and in any quantity desired where the vender be a druggist, a confectioner, a distiller or a traveling barroom it is openly sold at our county seat without even an excuse for a prescription—and all this is not caused by public sentiment. In fact, a large majority of our people, and the better class of them are in favor of enforcing the law. All are disgusted with the way the laws of our county are trampled on. We are credibly informed that in some parts of the county it is impossible to have night meeting (preaching) without having it broken up by a drunken mob. Persons wishing to know who is to blame for this state of affairs can learn by referring to the 4th section of an act approved March 6, 1872.

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THE NEW FIRM OF HALE & MUNNELL WILL OPEN IN THE STORE-ROOM JUST VACATED BY DOWSLEY & HIGGINS, TO-MORROW, A. T. MUNNELL IS IN THE CITY BUYING THE STOCK AND A. L. HALE IS BUSY FIXING FOR IT.

FOR RENT!

DESIRABLE RESIDENCE

In Stanford, Ky., with 8 rooms situated on South-West corner of Main & Somerset streets. Apply to J. N. Craig, Stanford, or W. C. Harris, 404-410, Care J. & L. Seacomb & Co., Cincinnati.

FOR SALE PRIVATELY.

130 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND, Well watered and well timbered, lying immediately on the Stanford and Shelby City pike, 1/2 miles from Stanford. All in grass. Splendid lamp land. 423-24 JOHN BRIGGS, Stanford.

NOTICE OF MEETING!

The Shareholders of the Farmers National Bank of Stanford will meet at the office of said Bank on the 10th of January, 1881, at 10 o'clock, A. M., to elect Directors for the ensuing year. J. B. OWEN, Cashier.

NOTICE OF MEETING!

The regular annual meeting of stockholders for the election of Directors for the year 1881, will be held at the banking office of the National Bank of Stanford, on Tuesday, JANUARY 11, 1881, at 10 A. M. J. B. OWEN, Cashier.

GOAL! GOAL!!

I AM SELLING THE BEST RUN-OF-THE-MILL, Pine Hill, Livingston and Laurel County Coal at the following prices: ON THE CAR, 15 CENTS. DELIVERED, 16 CENTS. T. T. DAVIES, 425-41.

LAND FOR SALE!

I WILL SELL PRIVATELY, ON EASY TERMS, about 70 Acres of beautiful Land 1/2 miles from Crab Orchard, on the Stanford pike, and near land is well enough to cultivate, and more than half has been plowed. There is an abundance of wood upon it, and a fine spring could be had that would yield salts enough in one year to more than pay for the place. 425-41 R. E. BARROW, Stanford.

FOR SALE!

A HOUSE AND LOT, IN STANFORD, On Depot street, the property of J. B. Myers, dead, now occupied by Capt. John T. Allen. Apply immediately to J. S. MURPHY, Executor. 425-47

WANTED!

HIDES! Persons having hides to tan on the shelves, or for sale will please let me know and I will call for them. Address W. T. STEPHENSON, Crab Orchard, Ky. 425-21

Fifty Acres of Hanging Fork Land For Sale.

THE FARM HAS ON IT A BOX HOUSE, A well and a good house and a nice young orchard. Immediately on the county road. Call on or address J. F. PEAR, Stanford, Ky. 425-24

MILL AND DISTILLERY FOR SALE.

AS I HAVE CONCLUDED TO CHANGE MY BUSINESS, I will sell my Mill and Distillery on reasonable terms. The Mill has recently been remodeled and is now in complete running order, and has a good run of custom. The Distillery is within 40 yards of the Mill, is fed by a never-failing spring, and can run the year round. There is a comfortable dwelling-house and 12 acres of good land attached. Any one wishing to engage in the business can secure a bargain. By calling on or addressing me at Englewood's Mill. 427-47 C. E. ENGLEMAN.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO—

MRS. WARREN & MRS. BRUCE ARE REQUESTED TO COME FORWARD & SETTLE AS THEY HAVE GONE OUT OF THE Millinery Business, AND WISH TO CLOSE UP THEIR ACCOUNTS.

1,700 Acres Knob Land FOR SALE.

I desire to sell the Timbered Lands belonging to the estate of Geo. Carpenter, dead, situated in Casey county, Ky., on the water at Brush Creek. About 1,700 acres in one tract, with creek and the county road nearby dividing it. 425-24

A Splendid Location for Saw Mill and Stave Business.

These Lands are acknowledged to be unsurpassed for valuable timber. Further information can be had of A. W. CARPENTER, Esq., Millersburg, Ky. 425-24

FOR SALE.

We are authorized to sell THE PROPERTY OF MR. GEO. O. BARNES. Located on the Henderson pike, 2 1/2 miles from Stanford. The place EMBRACES FIVE ACRES, Is well improved, and has a fine assortment of Fruit Trees, grapes and other vines. The dwelling-house contains six rooms. There are all necessary out-buildings, a cistern and a new and commodious stable. If not sold privately before, we will sell on SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1880, offer it at public sale in the town of Stanford. T. F. HILL, M. C. SAUFLEY, 425-34

Willard Hotel Lottery!

A First-Class Furnished Hotel for \$2. 1,664 Cash Prizes and 1,416 Property Prizes Amounting to \$369,850.

This Drawing will take place at Louisville, KY., Dec. 31, 1880, under authority of a Special Act of the Kentucky Legislature, and will be under the absolute control of the following disinterested Commissioners appointed by the Act: Hon. Walter Maltby, M. C., of Ohio; Col. L. M. Flournoy, President of the Louisville Club; Hon. H. C. Whitaker, of Covington; Henry Clay, Jr., late Prosecuting Attorney of the Louisville City Court, and G. A. Winston, of the firm of L. & J. Caldwell & Winston, of Louisville.

LIST OF PRIZES.

The Willard Hotel with all its 1,664,000 Furniture and Fixtures. \$100



# The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, - December 31, 1880.

## LOCAL NOTICES.

One cheaper than ever by Harris & Nunnally.

FIVE HUNDRED beef hides wanted by Harris & Nunnally.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired and warranted by Chennault & Penny.

Buy your School Books, Slates and other school supplies of Chennault & Penny.

The Celebrated Garrard County Horse Fists Remedy for sale by Chennault & Penny.

CHENNAULT & PENNY have heard from Stanford, Ky. He says he will be on hand in due time.

PAINTS, White Lead, Oils, Varnishes, Window Glass, at bottom prices at Chennault & Penny's.

Remember we have a beautiful line of Holiday goods to dispose of to-day, very cheap. Melberts & Stagg.

HARRIS & NUNNELLEY will sell any and everything in their line at COST FOR CASH from now until January 1st.

PERFUMERY, Toilet Soap, Hair, Nail and Tooth Brushes, and toilet articles of all kinds at Chennault & Penny's.

Just received the latest styles of Jewelry and Gold Watches especially for the Holidays, at Melberts & Stagg's.

FANCY CANDIES, Mince Meat, Currants, Citron and all ingredients for making Christmas cake at Melberts & Stagg's.

J. H. & S. H. EASLEY have just received a new lot of Zeigler Bros. Shoes, and also a large lot of Eastern and Cincinnati custom-made work.

ALL of our accounts that are not settled by the first day of January, 1880, will be placed in the hands of a collector for collection. Harris & Nunnally.

IN ORDER to close up our business before the first of January, all those indebted to us must come forward and settle with us at once. HARRIS & NUNNELLEY.

OSWLEY & HIGGINS have removed to their handsome new store next door below the Opera House and now have the largest and most complete stock of groceries, hardware, fancy groceries, new lot of plows, etc.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY, - A marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diptheria, Canker Mouth and Head Ache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cts. Sold by Chennault & Penny.

ANSWER THIS QUESTION, - Why do so many people who are afflicted with indigestion, Constipation, Bile, Loss of Appetite, coming up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75 cents we will send them Shiloh's Vitalizer, guaranteeing to cure them. Sold by Chennault & Penny.

TO WESTERN EMIGRANTS, - Having been appointed GENERAL EMIGRATION AGENT at Cincinnati for the VANALLA LINE, for the States of Michigan, Indiana, Kansas, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, California, and the Western Territories, am fully prepared to furnish, FREE OF APPLICATION, Maps, Lists of Agents, giving Soil, Climate, etc. Lowest rates on passengers, household goods to return. Call on, or address, GEO. A. KNIGHT, Gen'l Emigration Agent, E. Cor. 4th and Vine Streets, Cincinnati, Ohio.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE, - This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis, while it is wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a fact which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10 cts. 50 cts. and \$1. If your lungs are sore, Chest or Back Lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Chennault & Penny.

EASTERN EMIGRANTS, - Appreciating the necessity of affording the emigrant, and especially those who are contemplating a visit to Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, Texas, or any other place in the Great West, the Blue-Grass route, Kentucky Central Railroad, has appointed Mr. C. A. Haslett as Special Agent to visit and correspond with parties who are desirous of emigrating, furnishing them with information regarding the soil, climate and Homestead Laws also, securing for them rates on tickets and household goods, enabling them to make the trip by the cheapest, best and quickest route. As Mr. Haslett has spent a great portion of his time in the Western States, any information received from him will be perfectly reliable, protecting the public against being misled by self-styled agents. We would advise all who anticipate going West, North or East to call upon or address C. A. Haslett, General Emigration Agent, Covington, Ky.

## PERNIAL.

Prof. E. W. LILLARD, of Lancaster, was here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Owsley Dunn, of Richmond, returned home yesterday.

Thomas Charming young ladies, Misses Kate Williams and Ann Cook were the guests of Mrs. W. P. Walton, this week.

Mr. W. H. McMillen, of Louisville, W. Va., is spending a few days with his daughters at the College, yesterday he and Mrs. Truheart went to Louisville.

Misses Kate A. Ryan, Lizzie W. Moreland and Sallie Hawkins, of Lincoln county, are spending the Christmas with the Misses Waller, of Jessamine.

Prof. W. K. JOHNSON, Principal of the Carrollton Seminary is with his old friends here, much to their delight. He is looking better than he has for several years.

Misses Hattie and Lizzie FORDMAN, of Danville, are guests of Miss Betty D. Dennis. They are company with Mr. Bourbon Davis paid us a pleasant call Wednesday, and were very much gratified to examine the interior of the Printing Office.

Our German Mr. Joe F. Waters is enjoying his holiday with his family in Shelbyville and Mr. J. G. Pulliam is looking in the vest of his of his inauspicious in Texas, Washington, Ky. They are both good boys and we wish them all the joy they can crowd into a short week.

## LOCAL MATTERS.

New stock of those Vell Kip Box-toed Boots at Severance & Dudderar's.

MONEY TO LOAN, - Two Thousand Dollars, at 6 per cent. interest, on real estate in Lincoln Co. Address Box 4, Stanford.

WARRANTY on Sewing Machines myself. You do not have to call on a Company in New York or elsewhere for repairs. Geo. D. Wearen.

JAILED, - Wm. Kniffin, colored, was lodged in jail here yesterday for obtaining money from Mrs. Kaufman at Hustonville under false pretenses. His trial will occur here to-morrow.

THE WEATHER, - Has been fearful for a week. Wednesday the thermometer was down to six below zero and yesterday, as below. It is a terrible spell on "dumb brutes and sheep."

A CONSUMPTION, - John Bright asked us yesterday "why was the Hop like this terribly cold weather?" Of course we had to give it up when he solved it for us by saying: "Because both are bad on the calves."

GOOD WORK, - Our business manager, T. B. Walton, Jr., and Mr. C. H. Webb, vulgarly known as the devil, set this edition, a feat that could hardly have been accomplished by any others, considering the job work and other work done by them. It takes usually five men to run our office.

The mercury registered 10° below zero at 11 o'clock last night.

TWENTY DOLLARS saved by buying your Sewing Machine from Geo. D. Wearen.

FOR SALE OR RENT, - My excellent little farm of 80 acres, 2 miles from Stanford, Call on me at Geo. D. Wearen's if you want a bargain. B. G. Alford.

MR. W. L. WYNNERS has returned from Wayne county where he bought for Geo. D. Wearen, 9,000 bushels of wheat along the Cumberland River at \$1 per bushel for best.

CHURCH AND STAGE, - On our first page will be found an article on the above subject which we hope that ministers especially will read. When men deny the legitimacy of their show, they are the ignorant of its real power for good.

THE CHRISTIAN TREE, - At the Presbyterian Church drew a tremendous crowd, and each person that went, came away with some token of affection or esteem placed on the beautiful tree by kind friends. The little children were delighted, and their enjoyment was pay enough for the trouble it cost the ladies who had the matter in hand.

COAL TRIFLE, - Mrs. Susan Stewart heard a noise in her coal hole the other night and she sent immediately for a neighbor to discover who it was. He went and found the thief, a scamp, Charley Stigall, hid within and in a few minutes later had him in jail. There is great complaint of the stealing of coal during this cold weather and housekeepers can not be too particular in locking their houses well.

SHOT, - John Gaddis shot and severely wounded Miss Russell, near Millersville, for using indecent words about a young lady. He used 172 bird shot in him and when he was arrested by Dan Miller and brought before a magistrate he was honorably discharged. If the remarks we learned that he made of the woman have no foundation the Court acted very wisely in turning Gaddis loose.

AT Robert McAllister's sale on the 27th, property sold as follows: one mow and reaper sold for \$41.50; hogs, \$3.91 per cwt.; cows, from \$25 to \$36; heifers, \$27.50; sheep, \$14.50; calves, \$10.00; 20 tons hay at 40 cents per cwt.; wheat at 75 cents per bushel and J. W. McAllister for \$95.30 per acre. The terms of the sale were 2 and 6 months with 6 per cent. interest.

THE NEW LADY, MINISTERS, - Drew a tremendous house here Monday night. Many people who had decried the drama, which is moral and elevating in its tendency, ending always in the reward of the virtuous and the punishment of the wicked, were present to hear state jokes and see men make fools of themselves. The one who has no moral tendency, the other is both instructive and entertaining. But every man to his taste, we only wished to remark.

THE LAST NUMBER, - The year 1880 will be numbered with the dead years in one more day. This, too, is the last issue of this paper for the present year; but it is not the last time that we expect to say a good word for our sterling friends and patrons, the Hayden Brothers. That substantial house has sold more goods during 1880 than in any previous year, and in 1881 they intend to beat all former years. "The best goods at reasonable profits" is a motto to that no fair-minded customer will complain.

NEW YEAR'S GREET, - This will be the next thing in order of citation on to-morrow morning when you child, wife or friend meets you. Prepare yourselves to respond to the happy greeting by going to the store of Hayden Brothers and buying your intended gifts. Their goods of all kinds, from a dress pattern or a suit of clothes to the simplest article of apparel, are elegant and entirely suitable for gifts to loved ones. On behalf of the Messrs. Hayden we bid their numerous friends a Happy New Year.

HALE & NUNNELLEY, - This firm will commence business to-morrow in the store on Main street, next to the Farmers National Bank. Mr. A. L. Hale is known to all our citizens as an honest and thorough-going business man, while Mr. A. T. Nunnally has, by his fair dealing and strict attention to business, made for himself an honorable name here, and continues to grow in popular esteem. He is now in the city buying a large stock of goods, and his well-known taste guarantees that his purchases will be suitable to the trade he solicits.

SEVERANCE, DUDDERAR & CO., - On January 1st the name and style of the old firm of Severance & Dudderar will be as above. Our former popular Circuit Clerk, Mr. D. B. Edmiston, has bought a full interest in it, and it will open out in style to-morrow. Mr. Edmiston is a thorough business man, and we consider him a most valuable acquisition to the firm which already enjoys a liberal patronage. As soon as possible they will move into Mr. J. S. Murphy's new store, where, with additional room, they will be better able to spread themselves.

THE SUPPER given by the Ladies of the Christian Church, differed from the most of such suppers in the fact that there was an abundance of everything splendidly cooked. The oyster soup was excellent and none could say that just one poor little bit had been drowned in two gallons of tepid water. The meat, the cake, the ices and the fruits were all of the best, and the 75 cents that the three courses cost. The room was beautifully hung with evergreens and flowers, and the pretty young ladies as waiters, one almost imagined that he had been transferred to a fairy land. Miss Annie Craig was stewardess and general supervisor and well did she perform her task. The pretty waiters were dressed in white aprons and caps and talked so sweetly that many a young man would buy whether had intended to or not. So far as we can recollect, they were Misses Mary Brown, Nannie Dudderar, Lucy McHenry, Carrie Surber, Betty Pennington, Belle Carpenter, Iva Smiley, Sue Wade Beasley, Jennie McHenry, Lucilla Rammer, Manie Beasley, Lizzie Beasley and others. The ladies managing the affair desire us to thank their friends for so liberally patronizing and assisting them. They are most pleased with the returns, which amounted to \$132, \$115 of it being clear, most of the articles having been contributed by the ladies. Some envious individual has started the report that the Supper was given in connection with the Hop, but such is not the case; for we know that when the ladies proposed to change their night, the Bachelors said they would change to the same night. It was no use to cut off your nose to spite your face; so they finally submitted, which they ought to have done.

THE COMPLIMENTARY terms in which we spoke of Miss Hunt and her excellent Company last week were heartily endorsed by every one who had the pleasure of seeing them act, and the three nights that they performed after that article was written served but to increase the high regard at first entertained for them. Miss Hunt is a beautiful woman, and although but a little bundle of nerves, she works incessantly and draws people to her, both on and off the stage, with a power that we have never seen excelled. By special request of our citizens, she repeated *Rancho Saturday* night, and we do not believe that she has a superior in that role. As Juliet, she has few equals, reminding one of the lamented Adelaide Neilson, whom she somewhat resembles in stage presence. Her receipts for the week, whilst good, were not such as they would have been but for the bad weather. Those who attended show by the testimonial we give below the high regard in which she is held by them. The other ladies of the troupe, Misses Helen Reimer and Lavinia Shannon and Mrs. J. R. Healy, act their parts splendidly and were each greatly admired. In fact, they are all well known ladies, polished and refined and command respect everywhere they go. A number of our best ladies called on Miss Hunt, when she favored them with several of her select songs, which she rendered in her most delightful manner. Of Mr. Giles Shine we can not say too much. A conscientious and fine actor, he is also a splendidly educated gentleman; his "defense of the stage," written in answer to an over-enthusiastic praise, being ranked among the literary gems of the day. That Shine, his brother, is also one of "nature's noblemen," if he is a "natural born" dem felle. He always kept his audience in a roar, and off the stage is just as comic. For instance, when the Valley Comet Band, composed of our best town boys, serenaded Miss Hunt, he said to her: "You don't like these notes down; the thing was intended for me entirely and has no reference to you. Don't take a poor orphan boy's credit from him." Miss Hunt knew better, however, and her sweet smiles at the window more than paid the boys for standing half an hour in a blinding snowstorm. We would like to write columns in praise of Miss Hunt and her troupe, but we must conclude with the following correspondence.

Miss Kate Phelps, Madison, earnest com's hair and suit.

Miss Susan Pennington, Lexington, com's hair and velvet.

Mrs. Bettelie Spaulding, Shelby City, silk and velvet; top.

Miss Betty Williams, Madison, silk, white silk, natural flowers.

Mrs. F. J. Campbell, Stanford, silk green silk, point lace.

Miss Sallie Tanner, McKinney, black silk, face trimmings; gold.

Miss Mary Logan, Stanford, black satin, jet trimmings; gold.

Miss Annie Abner, Stanford, white muslin, coral and gold satin.

Miss Leticia Hawkins, Hustonville, black silk, old gold trimmings; gold.

Miss Bessie Foster, Moreland, black silk and coral trimmings; diamonds.

Miss Mary Clark, Englemans Mill, black silk, coral trimmings; diamonds.

Mrs. W. P. Walton, Stanford, dark silk and satin; natural flowers; pearls.

Miss Anna Richards, Stanford, navy blue silk, old gold trimmings; pearls.

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WHEN JACK CAME HOME.

Polly had married Jack. Jack followed the sea, and Polly was an old sailor's daughter. And when they were married, the two went to house-keeping in the cunningest little house—an old canal boat drawn safely ashore, with a chimney built in it, and all things arranged for housekeeping; the mason lathed and plastered two rooms; the carpenter made a dresser, and Jack built the cunningest little brick range. There they lived like a couple of turtle doves until Jack took his first voyage.

"Don't look so wretched, Polly," said Jack, as he stood with his bundle over his shoulder, unable to take his arm from his wife's waist.

"Oh, I feel wretched, Jack," said Polly. "How do I know what may happen, what storms or accidents there may be; and it's a long voyage, and it may be that you'll meet somebody you'll like better than you do me, and I'll be sorry you married poor Polly."

"No, my dear, I may go to the bottom of the ocean, or die of Yellow Fever, but I swear to you that what ever else may happen to Jack, he'll be true to Polly. I never cared for any other woman before and never will. You believe that, Polly?"

"Yes, Jack," said she, and gave him one smile, and then ran away, taking it with him for luck. And Polly was alone at home, and when the parrot, swinging in the big tin cage, cawed and squallied and called out, "Goorr Polly!" she used to look up and say:

"Speak for two of us, Polly, now that Jack is away."

Jack hadn't a chance to write many letters. When he could send one he did. They were very funny letters to look at, inside and out, but they were very precious to Polly, and she saved them in a little box of dry rose leaves, and read them over and over again.

"The storm may come, or the ship wreck, or the fever," she used to say, over and over to herself, "but my Jack will never change to his Polly. That I know, and so the year rolled round, and the time came for Jack's return, and Polly polished every thing that would take a polish, from her wedding ring to the copper teakettle, and rubbed the long window panes until cut glass was never brighter, and scrubbed the floors and spread the beds with white linen, and gave the parrot a new drinking cup, and bought two colored prints of naval battles, and a chromo of Farragut lashed to the main-mast, of a peddler who came to the door, and the little house looked like a palace as she thought, and then she put on her new calico, with the red flowers on a blackground, and geranium colored ribbons on her hair, and waited and watched for Jack's ship. It seemed time he should come, as the vessel had already been reported at quarantine, and as the evening drew on, she got nervous and anxious, and stood at the little door, looking up the road, when all of a sudden she saw a woman coming up the garden path, between the clam-shell borders that held in the lady's slippers and marri-golds, china-asters and sunflowers.

It was an odd, foreign-looking woman, with a short dress, and a big shawl, and worsted mitts, and though it was Summer, she had a large bonnet and a black lace veil on her head, and she marched straight up to Polly and nodded to her.

"You are Polly Price, I think, that married Jack Braggan?"

"I'm Jack Braggan's wife, Polly," said the young woman, "and what may you want of me, ma'am?"

"I'm a friend of Jack Braggan's," said the woman, "aren't you going to take me in?"

"Oh, certainly, ma'am," said Polly, "any friend of Jack's is a friend of mine."

And though she felt sorry that a stranger should come to be present when Jack first arrived, she meant it. She motioned the woman into the room, and set the big Boston rocking chair for her.

"A friend of Jack's is a friend of mine," said she, "and if I knew the name—"

"My name is Braggan," said the woman, "and you're sure, Polly Price, that any friend of Jack's is a friend of yours?"

"I'm named Braggan, too, for the matter of that," said Polly, "and as I said, my friend is my friend, and his enemy is my enemy."

"Polly, my girl," said the woman, "I'm rather too dear a friend of Jack's to be yours too. I'm his first wife. We were one long before he ever came from England to marry you; and I've been with him ever since he left you. He thinks more of me than he does of anybody else, and if I was to die, he'd die too. That I swear to!"

"Polly started to her feet, and retreated to the end of the room.

"What a frightful story!" she said, "don't think I believe it. Jack never cared for a woman before he married me. As for being married, I should be crazy to think that. Go out of the house. Go away!"

"Ah, go away—ch!" said the woman. "You expect Jack, to-day, don't you. I've seen him already. I ate breakfast with him this morning. Don't believe me, eh? Why here's the ring you gave him, and that I've got now. Look!" And she held it out. "And here's the lock of your hair, set in a scarf-pin; that, he said, he'd never part with. Go away? No, I'm going to stay and live with Jack in this house. Hasn't his lawful wife a right to stay?"

"Oh, dear, dear!" cried Polly, tossing her arms about. "It's the ring and its lock, but that proves nothing. Maybe you've robbed my Jack! Maybe he's dead, but you can't make me think him false! The ship may have come, but Jack's heart is true to Polly."

"And you don't believe I'm his first wife?" asked the woman. "No, no, no. I don't," said Polly. "If Jack tells me so himself, I'll believe it, not else."

And then the woman got up and came toward her. And what was she going to? Strike her? No. Squeeze her to death? It seemed more like that.

"Go away!" screamed Polly. "Go away! Help, help! You're no woman—you're a man. Stop hurting me, stop kissing me. You're a man. I feel the beard on your rough chin."

And then off went the bonnet and veil, off went the big shawl, and there was Jack himself.

"Oh, Jack, Jack!" cried Polly, "how could you play me such a trick? It's a sin and a shame—a trick like that on me!"

But she could not be angry at him, after all. And she kissed him back when he told her how he had been a bet with his mates that Polly loved him too well to believe a word against him, even with proof. And there they were at the window. Sam and Bill, and in half an hour more Polly had made coffee and fried griddle cakes enough for all, and they all sat down to supper.

The Emperor and Empress of Germany see each other as little as possible. It is somewhat curious how few monarchs do get on well with their wives, and the wives with their husbands, for they seldom adore each other. The Empress of Austria is seldom seen in society, and when out riding or driving carries a fan before her face, even when returning the greetings of her royal admirers. She seldom attends the theatre or opera, but when the circus comes to town is seen in her box every night. She knows only one passion, and that is her love of horses and equestrianism. She has her own riding establishment, and here she reigns supreme. She will drive a tandem team before her at a relentless pace around the ring, having fresh relays of horses every few minutes. She has a place fitted up in the stable of her favorite charger where she can sleep if she feels so disposed, and where she frequently dictates her letters to her private secretary, while her favorite horse looks over from his stall and is patted fondly by his imperial mistress.

Maude Granger, the actress, has given a stage secret to a St. Louis reporter. "Although dressing for the society drama is expensive," she said, "the cost has been greatly exaggerated. If an actress has good taste she can, by making new combinations of colors and style, make a few good dresses go a long way. Last season I wore in 'The Galley Slave' a dress much admired, which was mainly composed of a garment which I wore in a long-forgotten play written by Mrs. Sheridan Shook for my debut in New York some years ago. No one would imagine the vanishing and revamping on that dress. It might tell an interesting story of ups and downs in the theatrical world."

"The Associated Press is a great boon, is it not?" said the cigarette-smoking son of a Chicago sire to a beautiful Boston girl, full of sentiment and oysters, as they were returning from the theatre. "It is, indeed," she replied in soft tones; "George and I had one all last Winter, but papa came in one night before George could take his arm away and acted dreadfully. Do they have them in Chicago?" "I should blush to murmur," responded the untutored Chicagoan, as he measured her seregic belt with his strong right arm.

He was saying, as he scratched a lucifer on the side of a house: "I like these houses with sanded paint; nice when you want to strike a match, you know." "Is that so?" she asked demurely. "I wish I lived in a house with sanded paint, and then she looked things unutterable. "If he had asked 'What for?' she would have hated him. But he didn't. He took the hint, and the match was struck then and there.

A young Southern giant wears a number fifteen shoe, but the report that he is a relative of the managing editor of the *Courier-Journal* is an error. Mr. Logan's shoes are fifteen, and his boots something smaller. [Sunday Argus.

To keep seeds from the depredations of mice, mix some pieces of camphor with them. Camphor placed in trunks or drawers will prevent mice from doing their injury.

**Fountain of Fire.**  
From an extract published by the Hawaiian Gazette on November 18th is taken the following description of the terrific eruption of the great volcano of Mauna Loa, which is in progress: It broke out about 7 p. m., on Friday, November 5th, about six miles north of the summit crater of Mokawewewo on Mauna Loa, and flowed down the elevated plateau lying between Mauna Loa and Kea, sending out two branches, one from near its source toward the old crater of Kilauea, and another branch further down tending toward the east. On Wednesday, November 11th, the fiery flow could be seen distinctly from Hilo winding its way toward Puna, with a small branch stream running toward Hilo. The stream running toward Puna was about thirty miles in length, and from one hundred to two hundred yards in width, with a depth of about twenty feet.

A correspondent of the *Gazette* accompanied a party to view the grand sight, and they climbed the mountain side. Soon, he says, as the fog gradually cleared from off the sides of the mountain, we saw a tremendous river of fire pouring down the steep sides. We could see it distinctly down the slope, till it ran into the fog bank, which had settled like a huge snowed all over the lowlands. The fire was an intense white light, and was running furiously downward. They then went toward Puna to see the molten rivers by night, and he adds, the moon set, and still it was light enough to see to read. Away above us in the heavens shone the brilliant fountain head, and thence to the end was a continuous stream of liquid lava. There lay a river of fire before us at least thirty miles long, every inch of which was one bright rolling tide of fire. There was not a single break in the whole length. The whole front edge, being about three-fourths of a mile wide, was a most intensely brilliant light, and as it slowly advanced and rolled over the small trees and shrubs, bright flames would flash up and die out along its whole edge. Then there were giant explosions, vast and terrible, as if the earth was being shattered by earthquakes, and all at once a huge dome of molten lava was thrown up about halfway up the mountain side, and continued to flow over like an immense fountain. The next day the party crossed the old lava-beds for about 1,000 feet. Not twenty feet distant was this immense bed of lava slowly moving forward with irresistible force, bearing on its surface huge rocks and immense boulders of tons weight. The whole front edge was one bright red mass of solid rock incessantly breaking off from the towering mass and rolling down to the foot of it, to be again covered up by another avalanche of white-hot rocks and sand. The mass was at its front edge from 12 to 30 feet in height. Along the whole line of its advance was one crash of rolling, sliding, tumbling red-hot rock. We could see no fire or liquid lava at all, but the whole advance line of red-hot stones and scorae. There were no explosions while we were near the flow, only a tremendous roaring like ten thousand blast furnaces all at work at once.

Some fears of the safety of Hilo are still entertained, but the flow seems turning in another direction. Happily, no loss of life or valuable property has attended this outburst, and though there is a possibility of its reaching the immediate vicinity of Hilo, the danger is not imminent, as yet. But if the eruption continues much longer with its present force, it is impossible to foretell what may or may not occur. The volcano of Kilauea is unusually active at present, also.

Capt. D. L. Kaaina, of the schooner Panahi, just in from Hawaii, reports having observed a submarine eruption off Honolulu, about five miles from shore, at 4 p. m., on Wednesday, 17th inst. It is near the North-East shore of the Island, and about 50 miles from Mauna Loa. The Captain first noticed a column of water and flame issuing from the sea, but this soon discontinued, and was followed by volumes of smoke.

Simon and Joe Cline, father and son, of Canton, O., both wanted to marry their house-keeper. The old man owned all the property, and the woman gave him the preference on that account, assuring Joe that she would marry him as soon as she became a widow. But the son had a plan for getting her and the estate without delay. He poisoned his father, first using so much arsenic that the result was not fatal, and finally producing death with morphine.

An editor got shaved in a barber shop lately, and offered the darkey a dime, which was refused, because, said he, "I understand you are an editor!" "Well, what of that?" "We never charge editors nuffin!" "Oh, never mind, we make it up off the Gentlemen."

I found Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup to be a most effective remedy, and feel sure that the most stubborn cough and cold will yield to its healing influence. Frank S. Price, New Orleans, Aug. 6, 1875.

Africa has 75,000 Protestant converts, the result of the efforts of 33 missionary societies.

**Richmond, Virginia.**  
The ploughshare has leveled the network of battlements which enveloped the dual capital, and the rustling corn and the waving wheat gladden the heart where the sentinel pines stood their steady beat and the shotguns awaited the signal of death. The venerable State House that stands on the pinnacle of the city, surrounded by beautiful shades and exquisite monuments of the fathers of the republic, has braved the storms of nearly a century. It modeled by Jefferson after a Roman temple that pleased his curious eyes when abroad, and it was erected before Washington was President, and when the eloquence of Henry was heard in the House of Delegates! It is rusted from foundation to dome, and every feature of it tells the story of neglected age; but what a history is interwoven with its blasted pillars and seamed walls! Founded by those most illustrious in the annals of free government; the oldest Capital in the boasted Mother of Presidents reared her family of rulers; the temple of Confederate authority for four long years of sacrifice and waste; next the forum where the enfranchised slave made laws for his discomfited master and now the triumphal Republicanism runs riot in its hall and scourges the dismembered Commonwealth with public shame. [Northern Letter.

**BRUMMELL'S WRIT.**—There was a flavor in Brummell's wit, too, whether he wrote or spoke, that was quite distinct and piquant; with a selfishness and an absence of effort—somewhat of a Voltairian heartlessness and finish. A good specimen is his answer to a question: Had he heard anything as to how a newly married pair, at whose wedding he had assisted a week before, were getting on. "No, no; but I believe they are still living together." Another speech of his is excellent, referring to a beginner who had been recommended to his patronage: "Really, I did my best for the young man. I once gave him my arm all the way from White's to Waiter's—i. e., from St. James to Bruton street.—[All the Year Round.

**IMMORTAL TRUTH.**—Truth will never die. The stars will grow dim, the sun will pale his glory, but truth will be ever young. Integrity, uprightness, honesty, love, goodness—all are imperishable. No grave can ever entomb these immortal principles. They have been in prison, but they have been freer than before; those who enshrined them in their hearts have been burned at the stake, but out of their ashes their witnesses have arisen. No sea can drown, no storm can wreck, no abyss can swallow up the everlasting truth. You can not kill goodness and integrity and righteousness; the ways that are consistent with these must be a way everlasting.

**"SAY AMEN."**—It is related of a certain minister, who was noted for his long sermons, with many divisions, that, one day, when he was advancing among the *texts*, and had thoroughly wearied his hearers, he at length reached a kind of resting place in his discourse. Pausing to take breath, and looking about over his audience, he asked the question, "And what shall I say more?" A voice from the congregation—more suggestive than reverent—earnestly responded, "Say amen!"

A newspaper office burnt down on West recently, destroying all the books and accounts, and during the next week three hundred men, who hadn't spoken to the editor for months, boldly met him in the street and bowed to him. P. S. They were delinquents, and until the editor's bills were burnt up they always dodged around the corner when they saw him coming.—[Steubenville Herald.

Only 10 women out of every 500, who start on a journey by railroad consult a railroad map or have the least idea of the direction they take. Four hundred and ninety-eight worry about their baggage; 497 are certain they took the wrong train; 499 wish they had never started.—[Detroit Free Press.

Dr. C. A. Washington's skill had long been doubted by the people of Raton, New Mexico. Therefore, when he killed a popular patient with an overdose of morphine, they became very angry, and hanged him to a tree with the strap of his own saddle-bags.

Women are far more generous than men. It is estimated that there are in Kentucky at least 20,000 young women who would willingly give themselves away as Christmas presents.

Brazilian grass does not come from Brazil, or even grow there; nor is it palm leaf. It consists of strips of grass at all (chamomeres argentea) and is imported chiefly from Cuba.

The best thing ever said of ghosts was said by Coleridge, when asked by a lady if he believed in them: "No, madam; I have seen too many to believe in them."

During the present month there will be two new moons; the first appeared on the 1st, and the second will appear to-day.

Black lead does not contain a single particle of lead, being composed of carbon and iron.

**MARKETS.**  
The retail prices for provisions, etc., are as follows:  
Beef, shoulders, 12 1/2 cts.  
Butter, 15 cts.  
Eggs, 10 cts.  
Flour, 10 cts.  
Rice, 10 cts.  
Sugar, 10 cts.  
Wheat, 10 cts.  
Corn, 10 cts.  
Oats, 10 cts.  
Hay, 10 cts.  
Clover, 10 cts.  
Timothy, 10 cts.  
Soybeans, 10 cts.  
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